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The Ballad of the Good Ship,

SARAH SANDS.

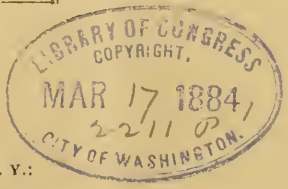
THE BALLAD

OF THE

GOOD SHIP,

SARAH SANDS,

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BUFFALO, N. Y.:
CARRELL & NISELL.
1884.

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MRS. & MR. W. B.

A REMINISCENCE,

By L. N. T

THE BALLAD OF THE

GOOD SHIP SARAH SANDS.

I.

From the grand docks of old England,
With sails like drifted snow,
Freighted with wealth of nations,
The great ships come and go.

II.

The finest of all the merchant fleet,
That sailed to far-off lands,
The stanchest and the fleetest,
Was the good Ship Sarah Sands.

III.

Her captain was the bravest,
Each act he well could scan,
True in justice as in mercy,
A right christian gentleman.

IV.

Every man on board the ship,
Was faithful at his post,
Proving the strength of union,
Like the strength of a mighty host.

V.

For twenty years I had been his mate,
Four years on the Sarah Sands ;
I had sailed with him to ice-bound seas,
And to pleasant tropic lands.

VI.

Three times within the twenty years,
We heard the fearful cry,
Above the winds and wild waves moan,
The shriek rose clear and high,

VII.

Of poor wrecked men on the stormy sea,
Ah ! who could tell their fear ;
When, quick was sent to each fainting heart,
Kind words, of hope and cheer.

VIII.

I never shall, nor can forget,
'Tis a scene which haunts me still,
The burning of "The Petral,"
Off the coast of fair Brazil.

IX.

All day, the trade wind blowing,
We sped before the breeze,
Would I could paint the glowing
Of those pleasant tropic seas.

X.

All day, beyond hailing distance,
A fair ship led the way,
She looked like a spirit of light,
As the twilight followed the day.

XI.

A mirage of resplendant beauty,
With turret, tower and dome,
Seemed in the far-off distance,
Like the Saints' celestial home.

XII.

And when at last, the sun went down,
In regal pomp and state,
The sea and sky were glorious,
Like a vision of heaven's gate.

XIII.

And one by one the stars came out,
And took their place on high,
They gleamed like countless diamonds,
Afar in amethyst sky.

XIV.

The watch on duty, paced the deck,
The sailors had gone to rest,
And away in happy dream land,
Found the friend they loved the best.

XV.

When sudden came the startling cry,
"The ship a head's on fire!"
And the musky smoke rose upward,
A black and trembling spire.

XVI.

Quick sped the dreadful words,
"The ship a head's on fire!"
And like a brilliant meteor,
The blaze rose high and higher.

XVII.

In haste our captain gave command,
Call to the deck, all hands,
We'll try the speed of our stanch ship,
The speed of the Sarah Sands.

XVIII.

The boatswain's call was loud and clear,
The men to their places sped,
Then a hush came o'er each awe-struck soul,
As in presence of the dead.

XIX.

The masts they bent beneath the sails,
The sails so strong and white,
Like gallant steed in hour of need,
She sped for the deadly light.

XX.

The lurid glare of the fearful fire,
Gleamed o'er the dread sea waves,
Making grim shadows, weird and dark,
Like unfathomable graves.

XXI.

We saw forms dimly through the smoke,
We knew their dread despair,
Their stifled shrieks, and painful moans,
Came sobbing through the air.

XXII.

"Now quick, men quick, the life-boat, man.
May you reach her in good time,
Keep cool in all you have to do,
Make fast each hook and line."

XXIII.

With hearty cheers we left our ship,
We reached the smouldering deck,
Through fire that fell like hail, we came,
To save them from the wreck.

XXIV.

Pale faces gathered 'round us there,
And thankful hearts gave praise,
As one by one we saved them,
From the stifling smoke and blaze.

XXV.

Not a single soul was left,
On the burning ship to die,
While its fiery crimson streamers,
Waved a farewell to the sky.

XXVI.

Then with a sudden trembling lurch,
She sank beneath the waves,
She sank with countless stores of wealth,
To the sea's mysterious caves.

XXVII.

But we did not grieve o'er the loss of gold,
In the good ship Sarah Sands,
We only thought of the lives we'd saved,
So dear in many lands.

XXVIII.

Oh ! fearless hearts and hands so strong,
That worked with might and will,
Oh ! noble sailors, every one,
I hear your voices still.

XXIX.

I sit with friends this pleasant eve,
We talk about the sea,
Forgotten are the long years past,
And you all come back to me.

XXX.

Come back to me, so blithe and gay,
Looking so strong and brave,
Just as you looked on that fair night,
When your best you freely gave.

XXXI.

I wonder where your home is now,
And where you rest to night,
Have you left this world of shadows,
Have you reached the world of light?

XXXII.

Whatever has befallen you,
Wherever you may be,
Sailing on far-off oceans,
Or on an inland sea,

XXXIII.

I pray that God will keep you,
Till the last dread storm is o'er,
Till you reach through Christ, the haven,
Where storms will come no more.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

I.

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"
By wild tempest tossed;
"Port your helm! Port your helm!
Or all may be lost!"

II.

There are breakers before you,
You may soon be aground,
Seek safety, O sailor,
While it may be found.

III.

Choose Christ for your captain,
Let him be your guide,
Then o'er the deep waters,
In safety you'll ride.

IV.

Write your log-book out clearly,
Then you'll have naught to fear,
From rocks and from shoals,
You will always steer clear.

V.

See yonder bright beacon,
 Through mist thin and gray,
"Keep well to the starboard,
 Then speed on your way."

VI.

Speed on, speed on,
 Your course is now clear,
Though storms should betide,
 You'll have nothing to fear.

VII.

From heaven's fair haven,
 The glad words shall ring,
"Ship a hoy! welcome! welcome!"
 The freight that you bring.

L. N. T

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